

darkness, we heard the plaintive and melodious tones of the Alp Horn, played for us by Heinrich Maurer. His wife was recuperating from injuries suffered in a car accident and couldn't be with us. This talented gentleman had made his own Alp Horn. This certainly was an evening long to remember. We lingered late into the night visiting and enjoying the cool breeze. The motor coach wasn't available to take us back to the Chalet Swiss. Paul made many trips taking one load after another back to the hotel. He was concerned for our safety because there were no sidewalks or street lights along the road back. We all returned safely, and ready for a good night's rest.